An Ordinary Night

On this quiet evening I’m sure the lake is a creature. Smooth, rippling scales slither around my knees. I don’t wonder if you’re under there, hidden away beneath that shimmering hide or swimming, humming an old tune to yourself.

All around the water fires go up with soft booms from a great distance. There’s some cause to communicate, celebrate across the wide way. A trumpet sounds someplace behind the trees.

Father, Son, sequestered in amongst the rocks,
Will you sink deep?
Where the lake weeds wind around a sunken chest?
Is that where you’ll sleep?
Let’s meet by the soft, stony shores of memory,
Smooth with age.
Walk down to the lake with me.
A grand stroll we’ll take,
A Grand Vessel’s foamy wake.

Another fire, cold, dances to a quiet song around my head. Fireflies glowing, roaming after romance. Light the trail in our very darkest moments. Faint beats for faint hearts. Show the way downhill that we might foment in the tides of time.

In a few weeks they’ll be empty shells, dead like the nails in your workshop. But, well, they’ve left a new story behind, pinned up on the wall in fresher minds.

Mother young,
Mother old,
Your course runs wide from such stony shoals
As these.
I wonder where you’ve roamed on this life’s journey?
I wonder where you’ve roamed.

The trees by the shore are apparently sharing some great secret amongst themselves. They retain a bit more of what we’ve forgotten, of what we can recall in the code of cross-stiches of seasons which float a good way above the bottom. They’re whispering it.

The Scorpion rises behind them with a glowing red heart, still sore from old Rome, I guess, gazing longingly at his severed claws. Stories like stars, faint, start to open. Fragrant blooms I can almost smell from here, pick like curiosities in your tie-tack box, examine and set them down again.

Meanwhile, the moon looks on, turns her pale shoulder towards the West to take in her share of some of the performances down below.
In reflective lake wells
The moon has a clue,
That in watching a show of fireflies
All we’re doing is watching ourselves.